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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

MR. GEORGE R. STEPHENS, of New aynesville, Minn., writes to UNITY ommending the idea of a Unitarian ilding on the grounds of the World's air recently advocated in these olumns, and pledging himself as one five hundred to raise the necessary im for the erection of such an As-mbly Hall. Who will follow?

REV. THOMAS VAN NESS writes: I am fully with you in the desire have our next National meeting at hicago in place of Saratoga. Our astern friends must not forget the pid growth of our cause on this ast, and the further fact that we an send a hundred Unitarians of alifornia to Chicago where we can nd one to a point in New York r Massachusetts. Continue your gitation. You have back of you, s the politicians say, a 'solid dele-ation' of twenty-five churches in is Conference.

PLANS are afoot to vary the usual rder of the anniversary week in hicago. Instead of the customary latform meeting on Thursday night, banquet will probably be given in ne of the leading hotels at the center f the city, where there will be after-inner speaking from the visiting iends, lay and clerical. It is hoped that Mr. Hosmer will preside at such a banquet. It will be a season of refreshing and rejoicing and cheer.

THE plea of Hon. Walter Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in the last *Arena* for a cheap Postal Telegraph will meet wide response. Mr. Clark urges that the material for the establishment of such a service is inexpensive, and that the almost universal use which would be made of it would render it a paying investment on the part of the government. He points out how many of the countries of Europe are ahead of us in this matter. "Every civilized country," he tells us, "except ours has made the telegraph a part of its postal service; and in all it has worked satisfactorily." He advocates a uniform rate of five cents a message, and also a reduction of our present charges for telephonic messages. This is a feature of modern socialism we heartily approve and hope to soon see in practical working order.

As we were searching through the list of recent medical works at the Chicago Public Library the other day, we were startled to find a work entitled, "The New Christianity," under the head of medicine. We had not time to send for the book but we could not help wondering whether it treated the "New Christianity" as a new disease or as a new remedy for an old disease; or whether the city has become so orthodox as to class books on a "New Christianity" among works treating of the morbid conditions of humanity. Prof. Curtius once told us that one of Lobeck's books on philology had got catalogued as a medical work. But that was Lobeck's own fault, as he had given a medical name to the book, and the librarian had not looked beyond the title. But our Chicago librarian must have looked beyond the title, for the "New Christianity" has anything but a medical sound to common ears.

IN the face of the distrust towards the Western Unitarian Conference and its position, which still obtains even in some Unitarian parishes strongly enough to preclude the possibility of its finding lodgment within the walls of their churches, it is refreshing to note that the Memorial Baptist Church of Chicago, situated on Oakwood Boulevard, within half a block of All Souls Church, has, on the slightest hint of a possible need, tendered the use of that building to that church to entertain the Western Unitarian Conference during their evening meetings at the coming anniversary, because the auditorium of All Souls Church would be inadequate to comfortably hold the congregations that would probably attend the meetings. Two years ago the Oakland M. E. Church distinguished itself by a similar cordiality and hospitality to the Conference. It was a poetic and prophetic incident in the growth of religion, when, in that church of Wesley, a commemorative service for Theodore Parker was held. If the offer of the Baptist Society is accepted, as it probably will be, for want of a more central place available, Mr. Bradley, of Quincy, will have an inspiring background to his sermon, which will doubtless be a searching presentation of the gospel of character and fraternity.

THE offer by the Mormons to the commissioners of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, of their tabernacle and choir, with use of five hundred trained boy voices, is significant, and reflects great credit on those making it. The offer, we are told, has been declined, for the reason that one of the principle topics of discussion at the Assembly will be the missionary efforts of the Presbyterian body among the Mormons. The situation might prove embarrassing, but as those extending the hospitality of their church probably surmised that such a subject might receive attention, the merit of their action becomes the more apparent. Perhaps we shall sometime reach that better understanding of things when the courtesies of such a situation become something higher, and when that which appears only impolite is recognized as unnecessary and unjust. That will not be, however, until we have changed our notions of missionary work, ceasing to proselyte the believers in one form of religion to our own, and aiming rather to find the element of common faith and aspiration that belongs to each.

THE Sunday closing question in regard to the approaching Columbian Fair is beginning to assume more business-like shape. The discussion is being taken up by those who will have the settlement of it. This week pressure is brought to bear upon Congress, seeking the strong arm of national legislation to enforce the recognition of that Sunday which the public sentiment and the moral power of the church seem to be inadequate to enforce. One of the wise words on this question has recently been spoken by our associate, *The Christian Register*, in Boston. In an editorial on the American Sunday, these pertinent words occur:

> We can not revive the Puritan Sunday and enforce it in Chicago. Thousands of visitors from abroad, and even a vast number in our own country, are accustomed to a certain freedom on that day in the enjoyment of nature, the study of works of art, not to speak of less innocent convivial habits. The opening of the Exposition would minister to the higher form of Sunday liberty without ministering to the lower. If the Exposition is closed on Sunday, it will not insure to the city of Chicago any more order or quietude. On the contrary, both would be endangered by the temptation to spend Sunday in convivial enjoyments instead of more profitably keeping a portion of the day, at least, in visiting the Exposition.

THE crisis of the Western Unitarian Conference has been met and passed. No parties have been more frank and eloquent in the dissents of the non-doctrinal condition of fellowship and the non-theological basis of missionary co-operation, in the West at least, than the representatives of the American Unitarian Association itself during the last year. Both its secretary and its western superintendent have over and over repeated in our State Conferences and elsewhere that they stand with money ready to help and encourage any society that desires to work with it, whether it be in sympathy with the Western Conference basis or not. But the business and *practical* crisis of the Western Conference is not yet passed. The suspicion against an independent executive center in Chicago, a practical working missionary headquarters in the United States, outside of and independent of the national headquarters at Boston, is still widespread. That this suspicion too will be lifted we doubt not as the growing efficiency and gradually developed autonomy of the centers at San Francisco, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago proceeds. Let not those who believe this, and who desire to see it, withdraw their support of the Western Conference at this time. It is not possible to stand for the *idea* of the Western Conference in its fullest extent without holding up its *hands financially*. We trust that our churches will take this to heart. The burden can not and should not be carried by the few near the center or those who are most entangled in the official responsibility of this work. It has been a long and tiresome, and oftentimes what seems a thankless task, but let all the friends stand together and it will become an easy task. The churches relieved from much of the *labor* incident to the maintaining of the Chicago headquarters should all the more cheerfully make an effort to share the financial burden.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL workers, especially those interested in the Six Years' Course and who recall the excellent work done by Mr. Maxson last year in the series of lessons on the origin of religions, will be glad to learn that some additional notes of his, found among his papers after his death, but written in a peculiar shorthand that it was for a long time feared no one could decipher, have at last gained an interpreter and are to be published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society. It is doubly pleasant to know that this work fell into the hands of one of our own Unitarian circle, especially fitted for the task not only in technical skill but by mental sympathy. The thanks of all workers in this line are due Mrs. James Vila Blake for this work, and the Sunday-school Society for putting it into pernament shape, while the friends and former parishioners of Mr. Maxson will be very glad to possess this additional memento of one they will always hold in grateful love.

After Thirty Years.

A three-day vacation! That's what "ye senior" took the other day in order to forget the March winds and to expel a frog in the throat. In those three days, he dropped back nearly thirty years and spent it in close companionship with that other self who once wore army blue, who marched in and around Holly Springs in the days when Van Dorn intercepted the Yankee cracker line, took Holly Springs from Col. Murphy and left Grant's column to scratch as best it could through the mud, axle deep, to Memphis or starve. For a few days it did not appear which would be done. Finally Memphis was gained under the inspiration and leadership of Gen. Hunger. The "senior" has just driven in a two-wheeled cart after a light-footed bronco pony over eighty miles of that hunger road of 1862. He stopped at "Lumpkin's Mill" where that peck of corn-meal was

found which saved the doleful Christmas Eve of '62 from being wholly doleful. The "Mill," resting on the old brick foundations, of the war days, was still grinding corn in the same primitive fashion.

He took a "square meal" at "Byhalia," the little country hamlet that has been green in his memall these years. This village was recorded in the soldier's diary as follows:

"SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1862.
"Came into camp at Byhalia, Marshall County, about ten o'clock last night; a beautiful evening, a woman drew a pistol on one of the boys and drove him from her yard. This morning, we found the little village was beautiful with holly and evergreen trees. It has a large schoolhouse, a church, a lodge room and a scientific laboratory, out of which the boys jayhawked numerous books, writing utensils, etc., etc. We picked up two horses and two mules. The owner plead hard, but the only satisfaction he could get was a receipt from the Lieutenant. A colored man said the man was a 'rank Secesh.' As we moved out, a woman stood in the front yard of a fine mansion, bravely waving the stars and stripes, and we cheered her loudly."

At this visit, the courteous landlady, when asked if she remembered the war, confessed that the chief impression left on her child mind was the "great fear of the Yankees." The editor confessed to being one of the "Yankees." But that only increased her hospitality. After the excellent dinner, a "Doctor" and a "Colonel" (the Mississippi woods are full of "colonels") dropped in, and for two hours stories were "swapped" and the situation discussed. There were frank tributes to the rising worth of the colored race, a cordial acceptance of the solution of the war; at the same time, tender memories woven around the "lost cause" and the still hot questions of race distinction and the political complications that rise therefrom. One said, "These darkies vote solidly one way and the white folks solidly another way,—a great pity. We sacrifice all other interests in order to keep out of the hands of the colored voters. And in many cases the only thing we can do is to *count them out!*"

Amaziah Jeffries, whom I met on the road, was a colored man who remembered "you all well when you'se camped by the paund. You all tuk me and a four-mule team who belonged to Missus, old Missus Jeffries, a widow. But after two weeks you let me go and I went back and stayed with Missus 'til the war was over with. She was good to all her slaves." As I left, Amaziah cordially shook my hand and said, "Tell them Nor'n sogiers that we are mighty much obleeged to 'em all for what they did for us."

This was testimony of the miller at Lumpkin's Mill, the colored boy who was too young to remember the war but heard a "heap of it." "No one ever bothered him about votin', but them colored men that begin to sell their votes has a heap of trouble." He said "they deserved it." When asked what was the price of a vote, he said it was often only a glass of whisky, sometimes a "bar'l of ashes" reputed to be flour. His companion knew one "fool who hauled home a bar'l of sand, thinking it was sugar," received for his political influence, over which both laughed, said it was good enough for him. I thought of Chicago boodlers and their more dangerous "bar'ls" and was silent. The pride of Holly Springs to-day is the rising normal school for colored teachers and the growing college for the same race.

One evening after the long ride, the Editor tried to shake the companion of the day, that soldier boy, so he went to Lenten service at the Episcopal church of the town. The church of the town. The church to which "quality folks" belong. He was attracted by the face of the rector, his white gown and the free and easy week-day swing with which he and the choir cantered through the "service." But when the rector proceeded in his sermon to prove the personality or the devil. "A real person, dear friends, such as you and I are, one who comes and goes, has plans, who sometimes succeeds and is sometimes defeated, we lost our bearings again and were carried more than thirty years.

The sermon had three heads.

1. Without a devil, the Bible is contradictory and false.

2. Without a devil, the universe is incoherent and unaccountable.

3. Without a devil human life is hopeless and the future dark.

These propositions were sustained with more skill and better logic than most of our readers might suppose, but we leave them to construct the argument from imagination.

We must cease this gossip lest it become longer than the vacation. We content ourselves by saying that more balmy than the welcome spring sunshine, so hospitable to birds, peach blossoms, cotton planting and tired editors, was the atmosphere of peace and quiet that shed its benediction in the heart which held the life-blood of these two companions, the soldier of '62 and the preacher of '92, who traveled together over the still corduroyed roads of Mississippi, without fear of ambuscade or dread of the grimmer foe of hunger and despondency. These two companions took their last dinner, in one chair, at Eagle Springs, where there is a much ironed-fountain prettily environed, destined to be become a *resort* to the sick as well as those who may think themselves sick. There this double traveler met a young missionary representing the Sunday-school Union in northern Mississippi, a Cumberland Presbyterian, whose salary is paid by a wealthy Episcopalian who lives in Philadelphia, and just before this pilgrim entered, the Presbyterian Missionary had been reading from the Memphis daily paper just received, the report of an address made the Sunday previous in Chicago, by some one who recommended the ministers of Chicago "to forget hell and let heaven alone (in a *post-mortem* sense) while they tried to renovate the *Infernos* of Chicago and establish on the shores of Lake Michigan a terrestrial *Paradiso*." The Memphian editor called this telegraphic bit an "audacious speech." The Cumberland Presbyterian Missionary "approved of the idea," and the company wanted to know of this traveling editor if he thought such a remark was really made. If so, did he ever see the man who made it? How folks do get mixed in these days,—Philadelphia, Memphis, Chicago and Eagle Springs; Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Unitarian and—what-not!

The Standard of Ethics.

Wishing to send you a brief editorial, to let you know that UNITY is not forgotten in the overcrowding of other work, I was casting about for a fitting topic, when your review of Dr. Bixby's book gave me one.

I have not had time yet to read "The Crisis in Morals"; but, from your quotations and the statements of the reviewer, I incline to think two things. 1st, that Spencer is not quite dead yet; 2d, that as is so frequently the case, a good deal of the battle is a contest of words.

Let us look at the happiness theory of ethics a moment. If one is permitted to make his own definition of happiness (as Dr. Bixby does) and then to bring anybody's system to its bar for judgment, why then any system will be found wanting. Dr. Bixby says, (as you quote) that happiness is a "simple equilibrium between desire and attainment." Is it? I should most emphatically dissent from the definition. Therefore I might disallow a judgment against Spencer or anybody else, based on this definition.

Before attempting a definition myself, let us ask a question. *Can* a man voluntarily choose what he does not want? And does he *ever* want that which, *to him*, is not the most attainable happiness? That is, does a man ever want what he does not want? Does not a man *always* choose that which, *to him, in the conditions*, is the most desirable thing? Of course, if a man might change the conditions, he would often choose something else. But in this superficial defining of "happiness," are not the radical differences in men overlooked? Giordano Bruno and Sir Thomas More chose death (being what they were and situated as they were), as being that one of two alternative which conferred *on them* the greater happiness. That is, *they* would have been more unhappy in taking another course. So it seems to be plain that when a martyr goes to the stake he chooses what is happiness, *to him*, in the conditions, just as truly as does the drunkard when he goes to the saloon. The difference is in *the men* and in their conception as to what is, on the whole, desirable. If the martyr does not choose it, then there is no merit in it; and I must think he does until some one is able to show me how a man can choose that which he does not choose.

Then it seems to me your critic does not make at all clear another important distinction. A "good" action has two sides to it. It is judged, so far as the doer is concerned, from the point of view of his intention. But as to whether it is really a good action or not, so far as the world is concerned, depends entirely up its effect. A man may *mean* good and *do* harm. And from the point of view of other people, the whole matter depends on the question as to whether the action adds to the well-being of the world. So it seems to be very misleading to say that "the question of morals is not a question of results, good or bad." It is not, so far as the man's motive is concerned, but it is true, doubly true, so far as the other people are concerned. And this distinction is too important to be blurred. In my judgment, at least one-half of the evil of the world is the result of well-meaning stupidity. And I do not think the matter of motive should be so over-emphasized as to make a dunderhead feel that he is entirely excused when we say he "did n't know it was loaded." If attention was directed a little more to results, perhaps people would oftener take the trouble to find out if it was "loaded."

We are now ready to point out what seems to be incontestably the one, sole standard of ethics. It is found in the one word, *life*. The word, "life," is here used as covering the two ideas, *duration* and *content*, the latter word used in its philosophical sense; that is, life considered as length, and life also considered as filled with all desirable things. That is "good" which adds to the length of life and which also tends to add to its fullness.

Let the reader analyze all that the civilized world agrees to call good and evil. He will find that the "good" is that which adds to life—to its length and its fullness, while "evil" is that which takes away from life,—shortens its duration and takes away from its desirable contents.

This is true, from the point of view of a nation, of an institution, of the individual. That which hurts, tends to decay and death, is evil. That which helps, tends to increase life, is good.

Of course, as in the case of S Thomas More or Bruno, a man m choose to sacrifice the physical what he regards as high and more sirable. But this does not contrad the principle, it only confirms And of course, in the case of each dividual man, *he* will judge, as go or evil, according to what *he* regar as making up the desirable life. B it has always been this way—you c not expect the drunkard to agree wi Bruno. These practical questic can be decided only by the "c sensus of the competent."

Such then being the standard, us judge the person by his intentio but we must judge the actions by sult.

In the light of this theory of eth (which I think will stand *all* analys what the world needs is to give fr play to the age-long thirst for l (both as length and as fullness), a as fast as we can, enlighten the wo as to that wherein the *true* life (of *man*) consists.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Men and Things.

ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND is about write a book on Egypt, and has gone to t country in search of material.

IT is announced that the German revis version of the Bible has just been issued after the industrious labors of many years

MRS. HEBER NEWTON has the reputati of being one of the few women who wo never consent to have a photograph tak or a portrait painted.

THE *Woman's Voice* is said to be edit managed and printed entirely by wom It is published by A. Florence Grant, t only woman who owns and conducts printing office in Boston.

ROSA BONHEUR is said to be at work o painting intended to depict the last India and buffaloes. Her material for this wo was obtained from special studies ma while the Wild West Show was in Paris.

IF any one wants to get any fresh points to how to make and multiply boy crimina says the *Advance*, just let him make a stu of the Chicago police courts and see how t "Justices of the Peace," for the fees th are in it, manage the business, fining th and hustling them off promiscuously i the Bridewell, already crowded with cri inals big and little, young and old.

A writer in the *Christian Union* say "In that period of the history of Andov which closed with the presidency of Pr essor Park, the three greatest names those of Edwards A. Park, Austin Phel and Egbert C. Smyth. The first was t incomparable theological instructor; t second was the man of the spirit, who ca from his retirement and the chastening his suffering to tell his students, as few m could, of the spirit; the third, almost pe less in his knowledge of the history of t Church and his ability to impart it to othe was the friend, the brother, the defend and the spiritual guide of his pupils; a the three together, a trinity of names a influences never to be forgotten by th who have enjoyed the honor of their frie ship and the privilege of their instruction.

REV. A. M. JUDY writes in his parish pape "A careful and prolonged study of t World's Fair will in many important spects be of more educational value than journey around the world. Not only w it be possible to see things there which no but exceptionally circumstanced travele could hope to see even in the countries fr which they come, but these things will grouped and conjoined with other groups a way to make it possible to gain a bet comparative idea of the world's produ than could be gained by travel. It is opportunity of a lifetime, and there is n a person of sane mind and body, from t half-grown boy to the age-bent man, w ought not look upon it as one of the ra occasions for which every possible provisi and sacrifice should be made. And let t occasion be reckoned at its full value, n as a show to which a few dollars and a f days should be devoted, but as a supre educational opportunity, worth weeks time and months of savings. Even n every one who hopes to be present at t fair should begin a systematic study of t characteristic institutions and productio of the different nations of the globe, a he should enter upon plans of immedia denial and saving that will make it possib for him to be in attendance two weeks the very least."

Contributed and Selected.

Immortality.

Day by day I think how softly
I might leave this house of clay,
And awaken in the splendor
Of life's pure unclouded day!
Never night but what I wonder,
Will the morning find me here,
Or in sweet surprise steal o'er me
In a brighter atmosphere?

But I have no sense of sadness,
Pondering on the prospect strange;
No regret for things behind me,
If afar my soul should range,
For the vision is so glorious,
Sweet as music in the night;
It is Heaven's rich fulfillment
Of earth's promise, lily-white!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

French Influence in Europe.

As one feeling greatly indebted to French thought and spirit, and being deeply in love with beautiful, sunny France and its idealistic, kind and generous people, I must be permitted a few words in modification of Miss Burt's strictures on that language and influence, in UNITY of March 31st.

French influence is doubtless predominant in Europe, but there are very good reasons for that. Modern culture, the modern spirit of rationalism and democracy are of French birth and growth. Paris is still the European capital of ideas; French is the language of latest thoughts, of honest judgments and of most vigorous spirit, as well as of centuries of European culture.

Far be it from me to speak much evil of the clumsier and harsher language which Goethe and Schiller have made immortal; but Miss Burt seems to forget in her enthusiasm for German, that French has been the language of many times as many great, noble and thoughtful men in past and present, as German—a fact, which doubtless cultured Germans are ready to admit. Let a cluster of such names as Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Danton, Victor Hugo, Daudet, Gambetta, to which might be added hosts of as great ones in all the fields of art and life, speak for themselves. At the present time the great European authors, with few exceptions (the rather important ones of Ibsen and Bjornson), are Frenchmen, Parisians. French certainly opens the way to a vaster treasure-house of ideas and of beauty, than can seriously be claimed for German.

The Germans are the world's heavy, lumbersome logicians. The French have been the inspirers of the modern world, the creators of its thought, atmosphere and life. Almost every great modern idea bears the birthmark of France.

And, as for the language itself;—O, the music, the life, the spirit, ease and grace of the language in which Voltaire so gracefully pierced folly and superstition to the heart, Victor Hugo wrote and sang the very essence of beauty and idealism, and Gambetta spoke words of fire and all-compelling might;—language with the sunshine, sweetness and peace of French landscape in it, with the story of the great Revolution in it, and with an echo in it of all that before or since has been greatest and most universal! No, German is good; but it is not well to compare earth and light.

But the main secret, I think, of the firm hold of French influence in Europe is the fact that France is *par excellence* the nation of idealism, of chivalry, of generous ideas and ready sacrifice for them, and also the bearer of democratic thought and republican principle. Other nations live to themselves, France to the world, and its reward is a deep, sincere love returned it from far beyond its boundaries. Modern French history is European history. Intimate knowledge of the former is essential to the understanding of any part of the latter. Germany is but a province. The English revolution, says an English historian, was but an insular, national affair, the French Revolution was a universal, international turning-point in the destinies and development of man. France is the only universal country in modern times. Paris is truly the capital of a world and not of a nation only.

Whatever happens there is echoed all over the continent. Everything begins at Paris. Every revolution there has had a series of after revolutions through the rest of Europe. Debates in the French parliament are followed with interest all over the continent, and take often a firmer hold on people's attention and sympathies than the doings of their own national parliament. The fate of France is a prophecy to the rest of Europe. It leads.

All other lands and nations on the continent have learned the value of freedom from France (and *not* from England.) It has been the missionary of the rights of common men and of all modern views of life and government. In estimating the value of the two influences, it certainly should not be overlooked, that French thus is the language of a people with a passion for freedom and equal rights, for democracy and progress, while German is the language of a people which endures a Bismarck and a foolish little boy-czar, the most old-fashioned, conservative, slowly advancing people in all Europe outside Russia and Turkey.

German influence may mean more philosophizing, heavier logic, more voluminous books and possibly a little more outward correctness in morals and manners; but French influence is a synonym for freedom, progress, democracy, fearless thought, idealism, enthusiasm and spirit.

As a European, I should certainly be sorry to see German influence encroach on French. Far better would it be, if a change there must be, that English should replace French,—the language of Carlyle, Browning, Emerson, and whatever is inspiring and upward-striving in the new world.

As a Norwegian, however, I am proud and glad of the fact that we have no excluding prejudice against either language and influence (and stand in bondage to none), but are ready to learn from and through all of them, teaching all these in our schools, sitting in turn at the feet of Goethe, Victor Hugo and Shakspeare, besides our own Ibsen. But then we are fortunate to be small enough to cast a false and narrowing pride aside. We are not ashamed to learn as long as we help teach, and to teach better. We are not tempted to call the frontiers of Norway the ends of the world, or its horizon the boundaries of Truth and Good. We want, and being small can afford, to see the world both from Paris and Berlin, and from Vienna, Rome, London, Boston and Chicago, too, as well as from Kristiania.

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Salvation Army Work.

She described going through the halls of a tenement and hearing the cry of a baby, so full of pain that she could not resist it. She opened the door to find a mother, two rough men, and two little babies occupying one room, and all asleep, the adults in a half-drunken stupor—all asleep but the tiny little baby. She told of taking it up and hushing it, wrapping it in her shawl, going back to her own room, and getting the wood to start a fire, that when these people roused from their drunken slumber at least they would not be cold, and then planning food for them; how she made a cup of coffee to have it ready for them when they waked up; how the little baby, satisfied with milk and comforted by the warmth of the loving, fell asleep; of the waking up of these drunken people; how she persuaded the men to leave the woman; how, gradually, not that day, but by several days' visits, she wormed out the story of this young creature's life—a woman not twenty years old. She had been born within a block of the house where she was found; knew nothing of the world outside of that life; she had married when she was fourteen a man who was now serving a ten years' sentence for burglary; she had really tried after his sentence to earn an honest living, but had no knowledge of any kind that could be turned into money, and there seemed to her but one thing between her and starvation; she sold herself, and now one awful terror faced her—the return of her husband to find her with two children, the living records of her shame; and yet an intense mother-love would not let her for one moment consider parting with these two children. Then followed the story of living for one year right beside that woman, watching her day and night, helping earn the money that took care of her and paid her rent, gradually getting her on her feet until both together were earning enough money to take care of themselves and the children, and at last came the day when the convict, whose time was shortened for good behavior, was expected home; then followed the description of the poor woman's agony. How could she face him! He would kill her! He certainly would kill her when he saw those two children! Finally, the arguments which were used to persuade her to go to the Grand Central Station to meet her husband. What a different place a Fourth Avenue car has been ever since that story was told! The agony which that loving, weak woman endured going to meet her husband, a returned convict, has set apart each car, for any one may have been the scene of her agony; a Madison Avenue car can never again be the commonplace vehicle it formerly was. The description of the waiting at the station, the terror that seized the woman as each train came in, and at last the arrival of the husband, who really looked for the wife who awaited his coming, and met her with gladness—then a half gasp, "Oh, Robert, Robert, I have got two children, and I can not turn them out!" The husband, with a quick grasp of what she meant, looked deep into her agonized face, and then one gave a sigh of relief when he put his arm around her, saying, "Poor child! Why, I left you but a child yourself. We will take care of them." And then one thrilled with joy over a redeemed family. That is only one record of what is done again and again by this band of women, who bear no mark of saint-hood upon them, whom probably we withdraw slightly from, if possible, in the street-car.—*Christian Union.*

OUR Calvinistic brother sometimes coolly asks, "Can a Unitarian be saved?" If you mean saved from this worlds deviltries, pollutions, and meanness, we think some Unitarian people are so saved. In the Unitarian faith a great company of such people as Channing, Longfellow, Peter Cooper, Dorothea Dix, and Florence Nightingale, have found spiritual health and splendid manhood and womanhood. If you mean saved for the next world, we reply, God is good; and for true souls eternity has no terror. Character is the good gold that will pass current in all the divine dominions.

In response. may we not fairly turn and ask, "My brother Calvinist, *are* you saved?" Not yet, certainly, from superstitious fear of an angry God! Not yet from pagan traditions that fill the grave with haunting horrors! Not yet, in all cases, from a heresy-hunting bigotry that splits the church, and separates you with unbrotherly prejudice from many good men! In your dread of freedom in the fresh air and sunshine, we fear you are out of health. From timidity, distrust, and the traditions of darker days may the Lord save you! God is good, and the next world offers fresh chance to all. And, if you can not escape your limitations in this world, we cherish hope that in the next world you will find the full and glorious salvation.—*Rush R. Shippen.*

HE did not yet understand the significance of the relationship interpreted by the prepositions in and with. To be satisfied with each other implies an outward attitude; to be satisfied in one another, indicates the fullness of content.—*Kate Gannett Wells.*

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Church Door Pulpit.

Freedom of Thought and of Speech.

A Lecture Before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago. December 6, 1891, by William M. Salter.

(*Concluded.*)

It is for those who would live the life nature calls (or, as we may put it, God means) them to live, to bring all they are asked to believe to the bar of their own mind, to accept what seems good to them and to reject what seems bad, to assert and thereby exercise and develop their own powers, to have a wholesome pride of reason and a scorn of subserviency, to be, in a word, free men in the world of thought.

I have spoken of freedom of thought. But the essential principles I have advocated are equally good in application to freedom of speech, which I now proceed to consider. The opinions a man gains he should be free to express. It is a part of our intellectual education and discipline to utter what we think and thus have the chance of being corrected if we are wrong. Moreover, the truths we discover or the views we form do not altogether belong to ourselves, but should be our contribution to the intellectual capital of the race to be used, revised or rejected as the collective mind may determine. To put a check on the individual's utterance is to do a wrong to him and to inflict a possible injury on society. Those communities are most developed and contain the highest and most varied types of individuality where speech is freest. It is hardly too much to say that no sincere and intelligent thinker, however eccentric his views may have been, failed to contribute something to the ideal treasures of the race, something that had he been prevented from uttering, humanity would be the poorer for having lost. It is not a question of what *we* approve, but of how many views we are willing should have a hearing. Only Omniscience could know everything in advance; we human beings know only in part and see only in part, nor can we tell always at the moment what is gold and what is dross, what is wheat and what are tares, and we do best as Jesus said his church should do, to let the tares grow up with the wheat and trust to the selective power of time and the future to separate the one from the other and decide on the final merits of any opinion.

These principles are of extensive application and I see not how we can draw the line, short of those abuses of freedom which the common conscience of men pronounces wrong. Freedom of speech does not mean freedom to incite to violence any more than freedom of action means freedom to commit violence. Freedom must consist with other men's freedom; and all violence (save against a trespasser) is contrary to this fundamental law. Freedom of speech, too, does not mean the right to wantonly injure another person's reputation; nor to pander to the obscene lusts of people. Government has the right to so far limit freedom, not as a power over against individuals, but as a reinforcement of the conscience of individuals—transgressors of this kind, knowing themselves that they are in the wrong. But short of this limit, it appears to me, government should allow entire freedom and it is a usurpation for it to do otherwise. What is a matter of conscience, of moral conviction to an individual, government has no business to interfere with the expression of, no matter how much a majority of its citizens may disapprove of it.

Earnest individuals here and there, come to atheistic conclusions as the result of their thinking; they should be free to teach atheism—I am sure, and I think a rational religion will some day recognize it, that the mental treasury of the race is richer for some ideas atheists have put into it; and whether this is true or not, they have the right to speak and teach all the same. Some may even hold that there is no such thing as duty or obligation; though it is hard, if not impossible for me to put myself in their place, they should be free to teach this all the same. So there are those who honestly hold that interest is wrong, that profits are "unpaid labor," that rent is robbery of what belongs to all, that government itself, even a government of the majority, necessarily tends to tyranny, since it leagues itself with the strongest class in the community and but gives that class an added tool by which to lord it over the rest. You can not prevent these opinions by forbidding their utterance; unless I am much mistaken, each one of them has something to say for itself that the world would do well to listen to; to shut off socialism, or anarchism, or whatever the revolutionary proposition may go by the name of, and prevent its coming to the light and air, to "jump on it," (to use the language that one hears in some quarters,) would be as thoughtless and as harmful to the best interests of humanity as such suppression is after all in this age of the world, at bottom, impossible.

It seems to me men have a poor idea of the rightfulness and legitimacy of their cherished institutions, if they are not willing that they should be criticised in the full light of day. Is it possible they are afraid? There were many business men in Chicago who even looked askance at our innocent Economic Conferences. They did not want discussion and a stirring up of things; they thought their brother business men who lent a helping hand were cranky. But why should they have been uneasy, if they knew all they had was honestly and honorably theirs? Why should not any man be ready to give an account of himself, if he has innocence and white hands? Every one who resents attacks on property betrays his lack of faith in the reasonableness of that institution; for what is reasonable need not fear fullest discussion; he gives fresh confidence to his enemies. Government officials who will not allow speeches against government betray their own sense of weakness and bad conscience; for if government is a benefit, if it is an instrument of equal justice and protection for all alike, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, it need no more mind the railings of those who abuse it than a big Newfoundland dog cares for the barkings of insignificant curs; and those who are most solicitous for their dignity, I seem to have observed, are those who are not fully conscious of a good basis for it.

The question of anarchy has recently come to the front again in Chicago. I do not wish to give an opinion about matters of fact involved; but, as a matter of principle, I would say that people have a perfect right to be anarchists, have a right to meet as anarchists (just as much as if they were socialists), have a right to teach and preach anarchy—have a right, not only morally, but, let us be thankful, under the constitution and the laws. What anarchists have not a right to do is to incite to violence, to stir up those passions that would lead to murder and arson; to do this they have no more a moral than a constitutional right. But such incitement to violence makes no necessary part of anarchism; it is questionable whether such incitement has ever been made, save in unguarded moments such as all earnest followers of a cause may have, and as defenders of "law and order" have had in as full measure as any others; I mean it is questionable whether such force, as the anarchists who were hung did recommend the use of, was more than resistance to unjust and unlawful attacks on the workingmen on the part of the authorities; this point of distinction was never carefully considered by the court which passed sentence on the men—yet it is a capital point, for resistance to unlawful aggression on the part of those in power is an admitted right of the citizen as such. I may say that when a policeman makes an unlawful attack upon you, you may resist him, resist him violently; I can even conceive of circumstances where it would be your duty to do so—and it were wholesome for the community if this sort of anarchism were more prevalent than it is. A free government is nothing, if there is not on the part of the citizens constant watchfulness of those who are in power (unless happily they have become so moralized that they never overstep the bounds); a free man who allows himself to be insulted or injured by an officer of the law, is not fit to be a free man.

It is not, friends (and I believe I speak in the highest interests of our political institutions in saying it)—it is not the commerce of a city that really makes it great, it is not splendid blocks of brick or stone, it is not magnificent boulevards and parks; it is the quality of independent manhood that is in the midst of it, it is the number of those, who, while they know their duties, know also their rights, and will sacrifice everything to maintain them. What were an American, an heir of the Revolution, a spiritual descendant of those, who in the immortal Declaration of Independence, placed man before government, and made government but an instrument for securing to him his inalienable rights,—what were such a one to live for, if he saw his countrymen becoming meek and submissive before misuse of power in high places, if the spirit of resistance and of honest wrath died out in their hearts, if they made a fetich of "law and order," and on its altar sacrificed every sentiment of manly self-respect? No, there are no such limits to freedom of speech, as, perhaps, the majority in the community would like to enforce; those have their rights, who believe mankind would be better off with no government, who inveigh against our government as it actually exists, who would like to create a public sentiment that would end it, and who believe that in the ending of it more or less violence will be inevitable; they are within their rights when they say that citizens have a right to repel unlawful aggression by the police now; they only go beyond their rights when they incite to unprovoked attacks on the police, or on anybody's person or property; for that, they are legally as they are morally responsible, and if there is anybody who takes them seriously, they should be arrested. You may believe anarchists (so far as they are within legal limits) are in the wrong; I do believe they are in the wrong; but what we think, or what an overwhelming majority in the land thinks, does not strip them of their rights—their rights to meet, to teach, to agitate; and if they are to unlearn their views, it will be only by the methods of argument and persuasion, and above all, by having a living example before their eyes of a government pure and clean, a government that never oversteps its proper bounds or, if it does, that promptly confesses itself to have been in the wrong, a government that is as jealous of the rights of the obscurest citizen as of those of the richest and most influential.

I have spoken of liberty of thought and speech thus far as a public matter, *i. e.*, so far as outside authorities may try to limit it. And now as turn to say a word about the m private and personal aspects of question, I wish to explain that fr dom to think and to speak does mean for a man of conscience, in lectual lawlessness and license. realm of conscience is totally disti from that of political and eccl astical authority; it has laws is not without restrictions of own. It may be that no exter authority has a right to limit us all (save to the extent I have alre described); and yet before the ba our own conscience we know that have not the right to think or anything we choose, but only w accords with our best perception truth and justice. There is no over thought, I have said; but th are laws involved in thought and rived from it, which we are in ho bound by. No one has, mor speaking, the right to think illo ally, inconsistently, without due gard to facts or under the influenc his passions and prejudices. Thi a rule no law of church or state enforce; none the less, every one is honest and who stops to think f it. It is an obligation which in nature of the case can only be forced by the individual concern And it is, perhaps, as important to that we should have some conscie over ourselves in thinking and spe ing, as to maintain that no exter authority should interfere with u overawe us and restrain us. No can tell how much error there is in world, simply because persons do seek the truth. I asked one of Chi go's prominent business men at time of the anarchists' trial if he considered whether the evidence sufficient to justify the execution the men. He said he did not care ab the evidence; they ought to be hu Many do not think at all in cap moments of their lives, or in the fac grave questions,—or, if they use t reason, it is only that they may j tify preconceived opinions, blind stincts and resentments. They free thus to do, so far as the law concerned (and should be free); such freedom, from any moral sta point, is a worthless freedom. Th may thus be the freest institutio with thoughtless and selfish pers living under them. If we are t worthy of our freedom we must intelligence and conscience into we do. We must regard the l within all the more because we re restraints upon us from with Only thus do we contribute to t great end I asserted at first, only t do we gain a real development our nature, only thus do we rise those intellectual and moral heig toward which we are called and be oned.

Russia ought to know that can not hate a Jew, that God can hate a Stundist; that in God's p ence the archbishop in his robes all the piety of a Cardinal Newm is only on a level with the humb Quaker that ever imitated lovi the life of Christ. If Christian te ers can not touch the reason of Rus then may infidelity carry the intel of the world to that empire and c pel religion to pay some regard to highest rights and truths of our r One thing admits of no doubt— religion of the world must be joi to the deep common sense of world, and if those who possess sentiment of piety can not furnish common sense which the sentim needs, the intelligence must com from other source, for come it mus *David Swing.*

Small is the progress of the phys inquirer unless he possesses the gi divination. He must be a seer.— *H. Furness.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

What is Reality.*

The standpoint of the author may be guessed from the first words of his introduction. "Everything is real that enters into my thought as a modifying influence."

Like Mr. Bixby's "Crisis of Morals," it may be regarded as a criticism of the doctrine of evolution, but in a much larger way and in a much more philosophic spirit. There is a very firm handling of the questions at issue, but there is nothing of the tone of the alarmist in the book, as though if one set of opinions should gain the upper-hand religion and ethics would be done for. A neat parable in the Introductory well expresses his feeling:

"There is a story of a benighted traveler, who, stumbling over a precipice, arrested his fall by grasping a shrub that grew upon the edge. He could not pull himself up, for the shrub had no firm hold upon the soil. He felt it continually loosening under the strain of his weight. His only hope was that some one might come to rescue him from above. But no one came. The shrub gave way. Yet the fate that seemed so inevitable did not follow. A firm shelf of rock only a few inches below his feet received him, and with the morning light he went on his way rejoicing. Even so will it be when we have lived through the present crisis in the transformation of our beliefs."

"Our starting-point is the assumption that the subjective world is a real world, that self-consciousness discourses to us about real things."

"A thing of the external world is real when it is capable of fulfilling the promises it makes to us."

The unsophisticated man takes four truths for granted; "First: *I exist.* Second: *There exists in time and space a world external to myself.* Third: *I can produce changes in myself and in that external world.* Fourth: *Changes takes place in me and in that world of which I am not the author.*"

The thought of this book is frequently illustrated in a fresh and striking way, giving to its pages, besides a fine scholarship, an exceeding interest. "We will have two philosophers, the one an idealist, the other a physical realist. They are walking upon the railway track, absorbed in discussion, when suddenly they perceive an express train bearing down upon them. I challenge you, exclaims the realist, to demonstrate the unreality of the things of the external world by not leaving this track. And I challenge you, returns the idealist, to demonstrate the truth of your belief that we have no power of intelligently influencing events, by becoming a mere spectator of them and remaining where you are. For humanity's sake we will have it that our philosophers, though deeply attached to their special skepticisms, are yet more fond of life, and therefore that they withdraw in time to demonstrate the necessity of *living*, the affirmative of that which they theoretically deny."

We shall find it difficult to conceive of the universe as a living organism without endowing its elements with life and consciousness. "If we may believe that a soul at the center of the universe is the efficient reality of the great sum of things, why may we not believe that a soul is also the essential reality of a compound molecule? And why, when we reach the simple atom, the ultimate unit of science, should we not postulate an atomic soul as the inner *elementary* reality of the world of things?"

"For, if we postulate inanimate atoms and forces as the original essential realities of the world, it is not only impossible to evolve mind from them, it is impossible to evolve anything." "With force acting upon homogeneous atoms, we can get no differences other than those of number and position." As Lotze says, "Nothing can take place between the individual elements until something has taken place within them."

"The more intimately we become acquainted with cell-life, the more necessary does it seem to reason analogically from the human *ego* to the hypothetical cell *ego*."

"Selection always implies thought." "Simple variation carries with it no principle of progress." It falls short of organization. Organization may be said to be "the cumulative product of innumerable little minds" acting in unity.

"There is an intelligence of the cell, there is a higher intelligence of the ganglion, there is above these the intelligence of the *ego*."

When our author passes from the philosophical to the theological portion of his treatise, his views, though broad, are less valuable and suggestive. There is considerable textual discussion, and the free use of a phraseology that is passing out of common speech. There is a ready recognition of the gradual and evolutionary character of revelation as seen in the Bible, of the independent views of the different writers, and the difficulty of reconciling the various parts with each other. But all these things have their analogy in nature. Nor need this admission deter us from allowing the claim that "the Bible is a collection of writings specially superintended by the Holy Spirit." The full results of the "higher criticism" are still far from the mind of our author.

L.

**What is Reality?* An Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion. By Frances Howe Johnson, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Theology by Starlight.*

I have read this tract now for the third time and with increasing admiration for its keen penetration, its masterly argument. Permit me to say my say in respect to it. There is that in Mr. Mann's manner of telling things which has the effect of riveting one's attention to his thought. He seems to say not a word over, nor leave a word unsaid. In this pamphlet of twenty-one pages he says what many another would exhaust a book upon. The same is true of his little book, "A Rational View of the Bible"—a work written some years ago when there were not the libraries of Biblical critical books which we have now. He covers the entire subject, yet in so little space.

There is something uplifting in such a bold, clear statement of the fact of a shifting theological horizon as we have in this "Theology by Starlight." It is in truth a revelation from the stars and emancipates our thoughts, even in this liberal age. There is good sense—virile strength in it; hope, too, for the author wavers not in his sublime trust of the Infinite, albeit, he has a Yankee humor running through his expressions. His style reminds one of Hawthorne's sentences and Renan's steel-blade way of puncturing things. Mr. Mann has drawn considerable inspiration from the telescope he must have mounted somewhere on the Omaha bluffs: he causes us to float serenely upon the ether of the profundities and feel ourselves rocked in the interstellar immensities. He talks as though men and women of these days were no longer babes, nor apparently thinks it incumbent upon him to be overmuch cautious in what he says. It is matter of regret for some of us that he puts so few of his thoughts in print.

H.

**Theology by Starlight.* By Newton M. Mann. Second edition. Chicago: Unity Publishing Committee. Price, 5 cents; 10 copies, 25 cents.

Our Country: Its Present Crisis and its Possible Future. By Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

The scope of this work is indicated in the subjects of the chapters, which are: I. The Time Factor in the Problem. II. National Resources. III. Western Supremacy. IV. Perils.—Immigration. V. Perils.—Romanism. VI. Perils.—Religion and the Public Schools. VII. Perils.—Mormonism. VIII. Perils.—Intemperance. IX. Perils.—Socialism. X. Perils.—Wealth. XI. Perils.—The City. XII. The Influence of Early Settlers. XIII. The Exhaustion of the Public Lands. XIV. The Anglo-Saxon and the World's Future. XV. Money and the Kingdom.

This work, by the General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, is in style lucid and severe, condensed in matter, pregnant with thought and suggestive of more thought. It is valuable for its grouping together of statistics which are mainly taken from the official census reports of our government, and which are very fairly treated. A vigorous and candid mind is evinced in the treatment of the figures and the subjects. Authorities are given, so that the reader may judge what weight to attach to claimed facts, and an abundance of original thinking is done,—thinking which is stimulating even when one differs in conclusion. The weakest part of the book seems to us to be in the chapter on Religion in the Public Schools, where Dr. Strong attempts to justify the teaching of what he calls the three unsectarian religious doctrines, viz., "the existence of God, the immortality of man and man's accountability," while also insisting on the "entire separation of Church and State." In admitting the protests of Jews and Christian sects against teachings counter to their beliefs, while overriding those of agnostics and trying to show that the protests of the latter rest on a different basis from those of the former, he seems sophistical without, of course, intending it.

In chapter IX. the word, Socialism is used in an unfortunate sense as inclusive of anarchy. This use of the word to include opposite theories of the sphere of government is unfortunate and misleading. Socialists would repudiate it, and it is not justified by the etymology of the two words. It will occur to some readers that some of the "perils" are not quite so alarming as the author supposes them, but the statistics and authorities given enable the reader to be his own judge in these cases.

On the whole, the book is much worth the while, and quite a mine of valuable things. It may be permitted to wish that so vigorous a thinker as Dr. Strong were not tethered to a theological stake, and to picture how much broader a sweep he would take, and how much better a book he would write if he were not, but then would the book then be in its 140th thousand? Let us be thankful for what it is.

H. T. R.

A Study of Greek Philosophy. By Ellen M. Mitchell. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, $1.25.

Mrs. Mitchell's book is the result of many years' reading and study in the line of Greek philosophy. She is one of the small band of earnest students and thinkers to which Dr. Harris, and Profs. Davidson and Snider belong, frequently spoken of as the St. Louis circle. Mrs. Mitchell would probably not claim for her book a place with those larger, more original treatises on the history of philosophy so familiar to the general reader, but it has the merit of being drawn from first-hand study of the philosophers of whom she writes. Mrs. Mitchell is a constant reader of Plato, having led classes in the study of that subject many years. She is also a diligent student of Dante and of the German philosophers, and her life and work present an excellent example of devotion to worthy aims, and active interest in the spread of the highest culture. Her book will be found a useful guide to readers desiring a small, compact text-book, and serve as a helpful stepping-stone to the study of larger and more exhaustive works. The introduction by Mr. Alger, does not please us, the sentiments expressed partaking too much of the nature of amiable platitudes, and the tone being quite too patronizing.

Gestures and Attitudes. By Edmund D. Warman. Boston: Lee & Shephard.

This is a book for which it is difficult to imagine a *raison d'être*. It is elaborately gotten up with white and gold covers, and has one hundred and fifty full page illustrations, all uniformly bad.

The book deals only with the most familiar and elementary aspects of the subjects of Delsartism, and supplies, as the author frankly confesses, nothing new or original. There is no doubt but that much may be gained from a study of the principles of expression as discovered by Delsarte, but it is true of this cause, as of others, that it suffers much from its friends. In the present instance one can justly accept the author's own estimate given in his preface: "We do not know all that is known of his [Delsarte's] philosophy of expression. What we do know of practical benefit is in this volume. What we do not know would probably make a larger volume."

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Unseen Friend. By Lucy Larcom. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 217. Price, $1.00.

The Question of Silver. By Louis R. Ehrich. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 175. Price, 75 cents.

Short-hand and Type-Writing, The Self-Culture Library. By Dugald McKillop. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. Paper, 16mo, pp. 123. Price, 40 cents.

The Presumption of Sex. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 149. Price, $1.00.

Home Prayers. By James Martineau. London: Longmans, Green Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 137. Price, $1.00.

A Memoir of Honore de Balzac. By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 370. Price, $1.50.

God's Image in Man. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 258. Price, $1.00.

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—Four years of good work for the Indian widows has been lived by the Ramabai Association. The school, maintained on a secular basis, had in March, 1889, three pupils; 1890, twenty-five pupils; 1891, twenty-nine, and 1892, forty-three pupils. Now a school and home building is owned, and will be soon occupied. Ramabai has constantly met opposition from local prejudices against the education and consequent independence of widows, and has needed all the courage her western friends could inspire in her to maintain her position while proving the value of her work. She has full faith, as also have her patrons, that before the ten years of the pledged American support by fifty-nine "circles" ends, some large native association of her countrymen will adopt the work as a national duty.

—A. H. Eaton, Middleboro, Mass., can send one hundred copies, in good condition, of "Unity Sunday-school Services and Songs" to any needy school that will pay express charge.

—The "Monday Club" discussed the question of Easter day, "If a man die shall he live again?"

—Rev. John Cuckson of Springfield, has been invited to the pulpit left vacant by Rev. Brooke Herford.

—The anniversary birthday of Rev. Charles F. Barnard, the founder in 1836 of Warren street chapel, now "Barnard Memorial," a children's church service was celebrated last Sunday in his chapel with very interesting services.

—At "Ladies' Night" of Channing Club all speakers were ladies: topic, "Charity Work Among Children."

Perry, Ia.—The Iowa Unitarian Association, held an executive session here, April 11th and 12th. A gift to the association of a valuable lot in Council Bluffs, by Mr. Leonard Farr of Mt. Pleasant was received with a hearty vote of thanks. It was decided to hold the fall conference the 16th, 17th and 18th of November. The movement at Perry was found satisfactory. A permanent organization has been effected, and audiences of seventy to one hundred and fifty are beginning to greet the speakers. Perry is a prosperous town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants and promises to be an excellent field for an able minister. All is ready for him as soon as he can be found. A hearty vote of welcome was extended to Rev. C. E. Perkins who has accepted a call to Iowa City. His coming is timely and gives great satisfaction. Rev. Mary A. Safford preached at Perry morning and evening Sunday to large audiences, and assisted in the formal organization of the church. Rev. Leon A. Harvey preached Monday evening, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Tuesday evening; his sermon being followed by addresses by Rev. T. P. Byrnes and Rev. S. S. Hunting. Wednesday evening Rev. T. P. Byrnes preached, and Wednesday afternoon Rev. S. S. Hunting gave a paper on "Profit Sharing"; Thursday afternoon, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, gave a paper on the "Egyptian Religion."

The movement at Cherokee under the fostering care of the Sioux City ministers goes forward with good success. The possible withdrawal of Rev. W. A. Pratt from the State is a source of regret to the Association.

Lincoln, Neb.—The members of the Unitarian society held their annual meeting at the conservatory of Music Hall, Sunday evening, March 27th.

The following officers for the year were appointed: Mr. Henry E. Lewis, president; Dr. Rachel Lloyd, vice-president; Mr. James R. Covert, secretary.

Reports of the Sunday-school were made by Mrs. Weeks and Mr. Faucon; for the Ladies' Friendly, by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Baird, for the Unity Club by Miss Schwab, for the Young People's Guild by Mr. Williams, for the Lend-a-Hand club by Frankie Burleigh. The president in his address before the society spoke of the great need of a church building and expressed the assurance that the society was a permanent institution in Lincoln. From the treasurer, M. I. Aitken's report it was found that the society was in a good condition financially, and that the society would begin its second year entirely free from debt. The meeting closed with the pastor's—Rev. Lloyd Skinner's—report in which he congratulated his people upon getting through their first year free from debt, and urged upon them the necessity of continued efforts for the upbuilding of a free church that shall stand for truth and righteousness.

Minneapolis.—The divines of this city have been discussing the subject of eternal punishment lately. Rev. F. O. Holman of the Methodist church read a paper on that topic before the Ministers' Union (orthodox), which precipitated twelve pulpit discourses the following Sunday evening. Our associate, Rev. H. M. Simmons, joined in the fray, pronouncing the doctrine blasphemous and wicked, to deny which is in itself an act of worship.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Treasurer has to report the following receipts on

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously reported	$ 880.85
Third Unitarian Church, Chicago	75.00
Annual membership, C. H. Williams	1.00
	$956.85

We hope we will be able to report additional receipts in UNITY each week till Conference convenes.

Sioux City, Ia.—The seventh regular annual parish supper of Unity church was lately held. Plates were laid for 240, with few vacant seats. The business meeting that followed showed that during the year $8,000 had been raised and disbursed. Reports were read from the various societies connected with the church, among which were the Willing Workers, Helping Hands, Junior Unity Club, Sunday-school, Industrial School and Unity Club. The Unity circle showed that in addition to other work the ladies had paid during the year $775 on the organ fund. The Sunday-school reports an enrollment of 264 and the church membership reaches 207.

On the eve of her departure to Europe, Miss Safford was charged to lay aside all anxiety as to the church work and to trust to the devotion of the willing hearts she leaves behind. She promises to obey the charge and goes rejoicing in the safe hands to which the work is intrusted and in the hope of returning with renewed strength to take up the work with such devoted friends and co-workers. UNITY claims the right to join in congratulations to Miss Safford and wishes her a happy voyage.

Notices.

The Rev. W. J. Leonard, formerly of the Baptist denomination, having asked to be received into the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is well qualified to do good work in our ministry, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*
March 25, 1892.

The Rev. Allen W. Connett, formerly of the orthodox Congregationalist denomination, having applied for admission to the Unitarian ministry, and having furnished to the Committee on Fellowship satisfactory proof of his fitness for the work of our ministry, is hereby commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*
March 25, 1892.

Sheffield, Ill.—This society is not "dead" or sleeping, but is quietly growing. The interests of the church are cared for, and we are pleased to note that since the beginning of this year it has had an addition of ten members; eight of whom received the hand of fellowship on "Easter Sunday," at the close of the morning service. The Sunday-school is also prospering, and a club of "King's Daughters" was lately organized by Miss Dewey, and holds very interesting weekly meetings. Our Unity Club lately listened to a fine address from Rev. Mr. Brown, of Buda, on "The Common Woman." Bro. Brown is a fine speaker, and other of our churches would do well to call him out. H.

Philadelphia.—A printed circular from this place, contains the prospectus of the society of Ethical Culture, now in charge of Mr. W. M. Salter. Meetings are held at 124 South Twelfth street each Sunday morning. Dr. Stanton Coit occupied the platform late in March. The class for instruction in Ethics meets at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings, and a Section meeting is held every Wednesday evening. Mr. Salter's new address is 2000 Mt. Vernon street.

Flushing, L. I.—The following is a list of lectures and speakers for April and May in the Free Popular Religious Services delivered Sunday evening at this place: "Religion," Rev. James C. Hodgins; "God," Rev. Stephen H. Camp; "The Future Life," Rev. James T. Bixby; "Jesus," Rev. Theodore C. Williams; "The Bible," Prof. Richard J. H. Gottheil; "Reverence," Rev. Chas. H. Eaton, D. D.; "Moral and Spiritual Investments," Hon. John A. Taylor; "Our Present Sonship to God," Rev. Edward Hale; "Man's need of a Reasonable Faith," Rev. Russell N. Bellows.

Denver, Col.—We learn from *Unity Notes* that Prof. John Fiske has recently delivered his lecture on "The Discovery of America," at the Unitarian church, that after Easter, evening services will be resumed, Mr. Eliot giving a series of lectures on "Social Reforms." Rev. Thomas Van Nass, missionary on the Pacific coast, leaves San Francisco this month to make a tour through the northern part of his district, coming East to attend the Boston anniversaries in May. Rev. Myron Reed has been made president of the Colorado branch of the Indian Rights Association.

Janesville, Wis.—A printed circular from All Souls Church, defines it as "A People's Church," with "no creed," and aiming to express "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," in its work. Miss Sophie Gibb, the pastor delivers a discourse on "What Liberalism has Accomplished," the 24th.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches will meet in Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27 and 28. Messrs. W. R. Cole, of Atlanta, E. C. Towle, of Chattanooga, H. T. Whitman, of Charleston, Geo. L. Chaney, Southern Superintendent, Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York, and others will address the Conference. There will be an important meeting of representatives of the Women's Alliance on Thursday forenoon. Let all who can attend the Conference.

Washington, D. C.—An unknown friend from the national capital writes, expressing thanks for some tracts received from this office, and general sympathy with our work; but adds, and we suspect voices the feeling of many besides: "I can not wear the sectarian badge; the 'ism' and the 'anity' repel me." He urges continuance in the work so helpful to "outsiders," like himself. If our friend will look into the matter more closely he will, perhaps, find he has magnified his distrust, and is himself most to blame for holding back from a communion in which he has power to help, as well as the need of being helped.

TOKOLOGY ENCIRCLING THE WORLD.

Dr. Alice B. Stockham, of Chicago, the author of TOKOLOGY, (a complete ladies' guide in health and disease,) is just completing her tour around the world. She is expected to sail from Yokohama, Japan, for San Francisco May 4th. Her book, published by herself, although belonging rather to hygiene than literature, is one of the most remarkable successes among western publishing ventures, it having already reached a circulation of about 200,000 copies. Tokology is now published in English, Swedish, German and Russian, and will soon be translated into Chinese and Japanese. Ere long, womankind the world over, will enjoy the rational teachings of TOKOLOGY and the physical freedom its philosophy bestows. The book contains nearly 400 pages, illustrated, price prepaid $2.75. Best terms to agents. Sample pages sent free if you mention this paper. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

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Just pull a "snapper" in two.

Paper caps in a bake-shop—
All white as white can be:
How nice the bakers look when they
Make cakes for you and me!

Paper caps for boy soldiers,
All marching in a row:
See how they hold their heads up high!
Oh, don't they make a show!

Paper caps, here, for dunces,
Not one bit pretty, you see—
Who are they for, do you suppose?
Why, dunces,—not you or me?

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

The Tale of the Kankakee.

There was a time, long, long, years go, when our now staid and sober world was a giddy young planet, rollicking through space with a recklessness, known only to youth.

One pleasant summer's day in those far off times, a little river left its home and went straying through a low lying woodland. The great trees arching over it shut out the rays of the sun, except as they were sifted through in scattered dots and splashes. The cool dampness was delightful, and the river looking joyously up at the trees, wandered ever further from its source, until it suddenly realized that it was lost. Then it wheeled around and tried to return, but the tree trunks all looked alike, and there was nothing to guide it through the trackless monotony.

At length, weak and dizzy, it turned from side to side, doubling back and forth on its track, but seemed to make no headway. Then it questioned the trees, but they said they knew no other place save that where they stood, and volunteered the remark, that their abode was quite good enough for any little upstart stream. The stream made no reply but sadly journeyed on. Then it turned to its friends, the catfish, and they answered, that were it in their power they would gladly help the river, but with their noses deep in the mud they could hardly act as pilots. The black bass and the pike said that they would follow to the ends of the earth. The deer came down to the banks to drink, but only stamped with impatience and went away without replying. The squirrels had never been out of the forest, and the crows and bluejays when questioned, were even more impudent than usual, and all who are acquainted with the crows and the bluejays know that their ordinary sayings are aggravating enough. But the river had gotten to a state of weary sadness beyond resenting anything. At length, the slowest and dullest of its acquaintances, the mud turtles, were questioned, and they, with stolid good humor, promised to try to find the way out. And the promise has been kept for countless generations as a duty incumbent upon "heirs and assigns forever," as the law books read. Forever is a long time but the turtles have faithfully tried for ages. Even now they may be found in the woods patiently tramping along in their hitherto unrewarded search.

At length the autumn came and with it came the ducks, and they sipped the cool, shaded water, and splashed in it, and shook their feathers and wiggled their tails, in solemn and dignified wise. Then they swam around into some cove out of the current, or climbed up on the bank, and each put the point of his bill back under a wing and had a pleasant nap, standing balanced on one foot with his eye wide open. The river, seeing the strangers, plucked up new hope, and asked whence they had come and where they had been. A wise old mallard with a beautiful green head acted as spokesman. He said, he had been almost everywhere and had seen almost everything; that, at this time he and his friends were going to winter along the Gulf, and that they would be back again in the spring.

Then the river asked him if he knew whence it had come and how to return. The wily old bird said that he did, and the river gladly followed him while he guilefully led it out till it was scattered through the swamps. There he left it to wander, saying that it could n't be better placed for his purposes, and that no duck until the very last would ever be stupid enough to spoil such a feeding ground by helping the river out.

All through the long winter, the river slept under the snow in the woods and swamps, but ever fretting as it dreamed of the home whence it had come.

In the spring it awoke, and with new strength and vigor threw off the icy coverlid. With courage born of rest it rushed about cutting new channels and hastening hither and thither through the forest. In every direction its search was bravely pushed, but all in vain. Its strength began to fail, and when summer came again, weak and dispirited, it went back to its old paths.

Year after year, and century after century, the tale has been told and retold. The sky mirrowed in the brown depths has been broken, time without number, by the silent paddles of men long passed away, but they were not near enough to the heart of nature to understand the river's query, and it is still lost in the wilderness. Now its only hope is that some of the faithful turtles may find the answer to its questions, or that as the ducks come back fewer and fewer every year, the last one will one day come and in his old age tell the secret.

This is why the Kankakee flows as it does, the most lost and doubtful thing, in all the lost and doubtful State of Indiana.

W. K.

Wee Miss: "Mamma, may n't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?" *Mamma:* "You are too little." *Wee Miss:* "Well, I can be a condensed milkmaid."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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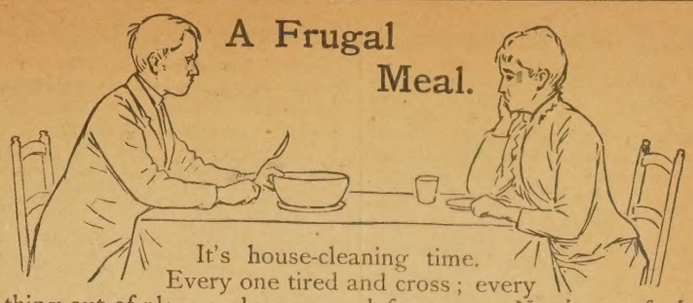

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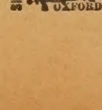

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